A Poet's Corner In Valentines

By ROBERTUS LOVE

[Copyright, 1907, by Robertus Love.] HE poet and the



funny man two in onewas stalled in a lively little city in North Dakota, He was doubly stalled, being both snow

bound and broke. Either chain would sold him for some days to come. To get out of town be had first to get out of his botel by paying his bill. This, sowever, was a delicate secret which se had no intention of sharing with ais landlord, who looked upon him as e celebrity. But getting out of town was impossible even to a multimilliontire. The railroads were tightly tied ap in all directions by vast drifts of packed snow in the deep cuts, and the mow was still falling and still drift-

It was not his own fault that the poet and the funny man was fundless. He had counted upon reaching the next town and collecting a fat fee for in entertainment which he was to give there before his money gave out. Now, he knew that he would miss his date and that he must "jump" 460 mortal miles to his next engagement, and he must buy railroad transportation for the jump. The poet was melancholyever his prospects, and even the funny man was feeling almost blue. It is a handy thing to be a funny man as well as a poet, for the ability to appreciate the humor of a situation-well, that belps some.

But now the funny part was all bured, like the trains in the snow packed ruts, and it was only the melancholy poet who sat in the office of the Grand Central hotel and looked blue. Nonrhalantly he glanced at the big calenfar above the clerk's desk. The letters on the sheet read, "February 10."

"Huh!" the poet grunted, "Close to St. Valentine's day, but 1 guess there'll be no valentine for me. Wires all 50wn. Can't get in touch with the lecture bureau or anybody else for the touch' that I so long for. I'm here for a week anyhow if this snow keeps up and just 30 cents in my pocket. Well, I feel like 30 cents." And here the funny man came up to the surface for a brief siring.

Just then a long haired individual wearing a wasp waisted overcoat that reached from ears to heels entered the notel office and walked up to read the sames on the register.

"Ha!" he ejaculated. Then he strode wer to the poet and extended a long, ean arm tipped with truly professional

"I have the honor," he said, "to tecognize you by your lithographs. I'm | get a look at us?" Blank-Burchard Bennington Blank. thalk talk artist. Snow bound here; missed all my dates for a month; been"-

graphs, Mr. Blank; glad to meet you." said the poet.

thalk talker. "Truly," assented the poet, with

iceper meaning.

"My distress, however, is deeper than yours, I imagine," said the chalk inliker in a confidential undertone. Fact is, Mr. Bard, I'm dead broke, and if you could manage to let me

"Only too happy, Mr. Blank, but," tkewise in an undertone, glancing sidewise at the smiling hotel clerk across

have"-



"UP HERE WE'RE CELEBRITIES."

the room. "I have 30 cents and a postage stamp. Might let you have the

stamp." "Funny situation," said the chalk talker.

"Awfully," agreed the funny man, laughing a muffled, mournful laugh. "What are we going to do about it, Blank?" anxiously inquired the poet,

with a long face. "Oh, we'll see. Let's take a look around town."

Arm in arm the two platform entertainers went out into the whirling. swirling, sweeping snow. They strode flown the main street-persons of their profession, you know, always strideand glanced into the store windows.

"By Jove! Not a valentine on sale in the whole blessed burg!" exclaimed the chalk talker. "Why, I was bere inst year about this time, and the stores

merchants told me this was the best ralentine market in North Dakota; said But Yet were filled with valentines. One of the everybody bought and sent valentines, from the buby to the oldest inhabitant.

What can be the matter?" A glammer of intelligence pervaded

the poet's countenance. "Valentines all snow bound, like us," he ventured. "Didn't get in before the blinzard, I guess.

Then a light that never was on sea or land illumined the features of the chalk talker. He struck an attitude that was striking indeed.

"Bard," he cried, his voice vibrant with a vast joy, "here's an idea that will get us out of the hole and out of town if the snow ever melts!" "I don't see it," delefully replied the

Huh! St. Valentine's day only four days off and not a valentine in town. Bables bawl for valentines. Girls giggle for 'em. Men mourn for 'em. You're a poet. I'm an artist. You write seri-

ous poetry-sentimental stuff; also fun-



FLANE DREW VALENTINES, BARD WROTE VALENTINE POEMS.

funny pictures. My managers call me the lightning artist.' Are you a lightning poet?"

"Well, you know I got my reputation by writing a column of verses every

day for a newspaper." "Sure. Now, listen. Here's the biggest notion store in town. We'll see the merchant-how's this for a big no-

tion?-and give him a corner." "A what? This store is already on a

"Oh, say! Shake the kinks out of your intellect, Bard. We'll give this corner store merchant a corner on val-

"A-corner-on valentines?"

"Yes-poet's corner, so to speak. See? You write the poetry; I'll draw the pictures. See the possibilities? You and I don't cut much of a figure down in the big cities, but up here we're celebgreet the distinguished poet and hu- rities. Notice how the people are morist, Mr. James Alexander Bard; standing out here in the snowstorm to "That's due to your long hair."

"We'll sign these valentines, some of thein," the chalk talker continued, disregarding the poet's thrust. "Mr. "I recognize you also by your lithe. Merchant will advertise the thing in the newspapers, and we'll make more money out of it than we could get out "Brothers in distress," remarked the of a dozen platform dates. See?"

At last the poet saw, with the aid of the funny man.

The conspirators entered the store. Half an hour later they emerged, each carrying a triplicate copy of a contract which assured him a third share in the profits of the venture. The merchant was to serve as press agent, do the paid advertising, keep mum as to the contract and let them do the rest.

Four busy nights and days followed for Messrs. Bard and Blank in their rooms at the hotel. Blank drew valentines and Bard wrote valentine poems by the hundreds.

By the morning of Feb. 11 the whole town was aware and agog. It was an event, an epoch. The two daily papers, carrying full page advertisements, vied with each other in giving free news space to the novel experiment. "The celebrated poet and artist," edi-

torially remarked one of the papers. have kindly consented to see that this town, in spite of the distressing storm, shall not go valentineless. Art and genius come to the aid of love. They are indeed our friends in need."

When the funny man in a moment's respite from the poet's terrific labors glanced at this squib he doubled up with laughter.

"We are indeed in need," he said softly, "but they don't know it, and if Mr. Merchant keeps his agreement they won't."

As the valentines fell like autumn leaves from pen and pencil they were displayed in the big show windows. The sale was like a bargain rush. Toward the last the autograph valentines were auctioned off. The bidding was most spirited. One of the poet's most touching quatrains, written and signed in exactly two minutes, on a big sheet, with a red heart drawn and signed by the chalk talker in thirty seconds, was knocked down to the town's most eligible bachelor for \$30. A "comic" which hit the fancy of the new postmaster because he perceived that it would "hit" his late bated rival went for

\$7.50. And a train got in the day after St. Valentine's! As poet and chalk talker paid their bills from the \$271.10 which each received as his share of the proceeds from this nefarious scheme the funny man came out boldly from temporary retirement and murmured soft-

"O poesy, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

A Woman

By TOM MASSON



around her, while his hand and he held her so close that her fair hair forehead, he said:

"My dearest, I have been thinking over our wedding trip and trying to for firing on the spur of the moment. plan the details so that you will get Friends on either side kept the two the most out of it. Quite appropriately, we shall start on St. Valentine's day. We shall not hurry, but go as the whim seizes us, and you can choose your own route-London, Paris, Rome. the Rhine, anywhere you say."

And she replied, looking far off, with a certain wistful gaze:

"What do I care about all that, dear, so long as I know that you love me?" Then he went away and pondered over this admission, thinking from the was not quite right somehow. It did had been taught to expect. And the his enemy. the next night he came again and said:

"Darling, when we are married we shall have a bome-a real, true home. just as you want it. Nothing shall be denled you. Money shall be no ob-

And she replied very simply: "Ah, my dearest, what does all that matter so long as I know that you love

And again he pondered her reply and the firing would begin. asked bimself if this, after all, was the ideal love that his heart so craved. It seemed too good to be true. And once again he came back and said:

homes, I know, one in the city and one in the country, and horses and servbeautifut. All these shall be yours."

And she smiled gayly as she replied: "As if I cared, dearest! As you love me, all my heart is satisfied." And the man went away again, pon- all over these old fields."

dering more deeply, for still he was not satisfied. "One more test," he exclaimed. So the next night he said:

"Dear, I find that I have given you a wrong impression. Careful examina-



"AH, MY DEAREST, WHAT DOES ALL THAT MATTER?

tion of my assets convinces me that we shall have to begin in a very small way-a short trip to Niagara, a seven room flat and ten days' vacation in the summer. What do you say? Is it all

And a tear stood in her eye as she

"I was afraid something was wrong. for now I know you do not love me!"

A Funny Valentine BO FRANK H. SWEET

DID you ever find a Valentine Beside you in your bed. When you heard your papa saying, "Wake up, my sleepy head! Wake up, wake up! your eyes will shine To see your funny Valentine ?"

DID you ever have a Valentine All soft and warm and sweet, With a little rolly poly head And mites of hands and feet-Wrapped up in a flannel, oh i so tight, And 'fraid of one wee bit of light ?



WITHOUT A TOOTH TO BITE ITS BREAD.

DID you ever have a Valentine (My sakes | I want to laugh) So heavy that they said it weighed Just nine pounds and a haif, Without a tooth to bite its bread Nor any hair upon its head ?

HAD one just this morning And 'twas such a sweet surprise To hear my papa saying, "Wake up, dear sleepy eges ! This funny little Valentine Is mamma's baby, yours and mine !"

WANTED TO RIDE.

A Sketch, Written for the Hogwallow Kentuckian.

You tell Lat Birdsall I'm going to kill him the next time we come face to face.

Birdsall was given the notice, and returned this reply Ant. tell Ed Clay on he had better have his eyes open for I'll be prepared for him clasped hers when we meet."

Such was the word passed by two men prominent in Kentucky neighbrushed his borhood, through a friend of both.

For weeks the two carried guns in good shooting condition, ready out of each other's sight.

But on a summer's morning while Birdsall was coming from town he saw Clayton coming along the road.

Both were borseback. Both grew pale and cool, for the time, the crucial moment had come, - when the slowest man would be shot.

They were a hundred vards apart. depths of his man's experience that it The horses walked. Each was sooknot seem so human, so-girl-like, as he ed straight ahead, with his eyes on

Slowly the distance between them grew less, until they looked each oth-And you shall furnish it yourself, dear, or squarely in the face, only ten feet spart. With eyes cold and hard each man watched the other's right hand. which rested in his coat pocked.

Each was waiting for the other's hand to move even an inch, and then

ants and jewels and all that makes life of blackberries, and walked toward or O. E. Gill Marion Ky., Lat Birdsall, her father, saying. home! I'm so tired! I've walked hom, try Lax-ets just once to see what

The horses never stopped, and Ed jogged along.

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Women

the relief so much desired. If taken on first indication of pain or misery, they will allay the irritable condition of the nerves, and save you further suffering. Those who use them at regular intervals have ceased to dread these periods. They contain no harmful drugs, and leave no effect upon the heart or stomach if taken as directed. They give prompt relief.

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